THE METEOR

P. H. S.

GRADUATION
NUMBER
1925

I knew several of these people when I was growing up in the 40's & 50's —

Margaret Ellis was one of my Elem. Sch. teachers —
Amy Schoolfield, later Ollendike, was
mother of one of my friends —
Charles Howard had the grave stone business
in Pocomoke —
Herbert Bounds did draperies & upholstery
for my mother —
Julia Blaine, later Lydon, was mother
of Anne, a few years older but like a big
sister to me — They rented ½ of an old
house Ben Dryden owned & had
moved across the street from us —
(Now parking lot for library —)

I have stories about some of these
people which I'd like to share —
And many other Pocomoke people
& events — Would be willing to do
an oral history for Nabb Center —

THE METEOR

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Class Roll :: Seniors of 1925

Academic Department

DOROTHY LEE BOUNDS
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MARGARET C. ELLIS
BERTIE A. FORD
ANNIE HENDERSON
FANNIE BEVERLY MILLER
LUCILLE PILCHARD
ANNIE KERNS ROBERTSON
AMY SCHOOLFIELD

GRANVILLE QUINN ADAMS
CECIL HERMAN BAILEY
HERBERT HOLLAND BOUNDS
CHARLES THOMAS HOWARD
JAMES RUSSELL HOPKINS
HOWARD J. LANKFORD
DANIEL ADAMS MORSE
BASIL A. PAYNE
RILEY POLK STEVENSON

WALTER S. WARD

Commercial Department

JULIA BLAINE
THELMA BRITTINGHAM
LILLIAN WATERS SATCHELL

ELMER BRITTINGHAM
VERNON INGERSOLL
MERVIN OUTTEN

WILLIAM H. SATCHELL, JR.

CLASS OF 1925 -- POCOMOKE HIGH SCHOOL

HISTORY OF CLASS OF '25

By Annie Kerns Robertson

This is the grand finale; the curtain hangs impatiently ready to fall, and all that has previously transpired in the High School life of Class '25 will be only a matter of history. The curtain will fall; the play will be over. A four act drama it has been, each act being a year of High School activity. To us the play is a most interesting one, and just before its close we love to penetrate the mists of time and bring back again in the spotlight the many activities and events that have taken place—incidents that will always remain in our hearts, and that we will forever hold in sweet memory.

Enter, the Freshman class! And we entered. Never before in the history of high school had such an enormous body of pupils entered its walls. We were in a stage of infancy—helpless, unsophisticated and unioriented. Under the guidance and supervision of our room teacher, Miss Annie Merrill, we however, soon became straightened out, and began some real work in the institution that was so new to us. We soon proved to all that we had quality as well as quantity, as was evidenced in our studies and other activities. After waiting some time for the time for the Sophomores to entertain us, we took the initiative and entertained them at a delightful party . This naturally called for one from them, and between the two we had quite a jolly time.

Not long after we joined the Francis Scott Key Literary Society ,and enjoyed the work very much. In fact by the end of our Freshman year, regardless of the knocks, hardwork, slams and impositions that are laid on all Freshmen, we came out quite alive. We had by this time become acclimated to our new surroundings, and felt that we were indeed a part of the large institution.

In the following fall of '22 the walls of old P. H. S. again rang with the laughter of the now sophisticated Sophomores. Then, like Chanticleer, our feathers had fallen when it dawned on us how very little we did know. Here the Cosmic Jester—Irony—got his first good laugh at us. We emerged from the glorious atmosphere of our first conceit to the rugged plains of another years' hard work.

In making this step upward from Freshmen to Sophomores we had lost many of our former classmates. Some dropping out of school, and some remaining behind. Our class, naturally, was much smaller. Miss Merrill, by our special request was again at our helm, and under her splendid guidance we were soon sailing along smoothly. We were not long in initiating the Freshmen into the mysteries of High School life, by entertaining them at a large Hallow'een party. Many other social activities took place during the year. However we still kept up our reputation of being good students, and hard work remained our main pastime. So it was with a sigh of relief that our Sophomore year ended. We had at last reached that height to which we had so long aspired—and upper classman—Juniors!

This was indeed our big year. Many new problems faced us. We were again however, fortunate in having Miss Merrill our adviser, who was always ready to assist us.

Our first class meeting held this year brought up many discussions. Of course the big thing was the banquet we had to give the Seniors, and the raising of the necessary funds. It was decided that we should give a play, and on December 11, 1923, "The Arrival of Kitty," was successfully produced. For the benefit of the Soccer Team the play was reproduced at Crisfield. On both occasions quite a large sum of money was cleared, and we Junioss felt very proud of ourselves.

It was here that our new Math. instructor, Mr. Bennett, stepped in and joined hands with Miss Merrill in keeping the Juniors straight. It is needless to say that without him our play would have been a failure, since he saved it by taking one of the parts. Since then he has been a devoted friend of the class.

After having raised the necessary funds we began to materialize plans for the banquet. The brilliant affair was staged March 14, and was voted by all a real success.

During the year, the class played an active part in the various organizations in and about school. Many of the girls were Girl Scouts, and a number of the boys were enrolled as members of the DeMolay and Boy Scout organizations. The French and Chi Delta clubs also had their share of Juniors, Many were also members of the Glee Club, and some took parts in the Operetta "Bulbul:"

In athletics the Juniors again

took an active part. Field Ball and Soccer in the fall, and Field Day in the spring saw many of us enlisted in their ranks. Our Junior year seemed truly one of happenings, and closed all too quickly for us. Was it possible that in the coming fall we would be enrolled in P. H. S. as Seniors? It was unbelievable. Only too fast had the last three years passed, and now we were coming to the end of our high school days.

We had reached the period of adult life, exemplifying the full bloom flower, the finished product—Seniors—in name only, for we are at once mindful of all we have learned, and what is more —all that yet remains to be learned.

How little had we realized what being Seniors meant. Were we not the oldest in school and was not almost everything expected of us? At least it has seemed that way to us.

At the beginning of our Senior year we suffered a great loss in the unexpected departure of some of our old class mates, who had stuck with us through our hardest years. First there was Bill Bicking, who moved to Deals Island to continue there his High School work, and give them some glory that had hitherto been ours. Next there was Sara Sidney, who moved from town, and who now is in training in a hospital in West Virginia. Randolph Wood, who was with us only a while, left us at the end of his Junior Year, and is now attending Blackstone Military Academy. We were sorry to lose him, and especially has he been missed on the baseball diamond. Howarth Covington also left us to attend George School, and take up College preparatory work. He has been missed very much. Audrey Nock also an esteemed member of our class, moved to Berlin. Our loss has been Berlin's gain. May all those who have dropped out, not forget their old class mates, and be successful in their new branches of study.

One of our main problems for this year, was the publishing of the school paper—The Meteor. We jumped into this new work willingly and hope we have made a success of it.

Besides our usual class work there has been the Oratorical Contest, on which we expended much energy. Then the Seniors entertained the Soccer boys at a "feed," and also the Soccer and Field Ball teams at a party.

Next came the Junior-Senior banquet which we all enjoyed so much. And we surely must not forget our visit to Court! We all enjoyed hearing Judge Bailey, and it was almost—just almost worth—the "After Effects" of our trip.

Now there are many activities happening at the close of the little drama. Our senior year is nearing its end, and with it comes the close of our school days at P.H.S. How it is all going to be missed by us—the worries and joys; the companionship of our classmates; and the kind assistance of the Faculty, which was always ready to help us—especially one who has been with us heart and soul through our High School life.

"As one who cons at evening
o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the
friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy;
'till in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an
old sweetheart of mine."

To the Class of '25, Miss Merrill, their advisor and friend through all four years of High School life, is a sweetheart. As verdant Freshmen she mothered us until each and every one became a part and parcel of the school life. During our Sophomore and Junior year she was a kindly sister to us, helping and advising in all that we did. As Seniors she is our sweet heart, and as our sweet heart she will remain through life. It is she who has made our school life happy, and who has helped to develop all our plans and schemes. In this last year of our stay in school, Mr. Bennett has also been our advisor and friend. The help that he and Miss Merrill have rendered us will never be forgotten. Each has won a warm spot in every Senior's heart, and the class will always remember and appreciate the many things they have done for us.

There are many of the small details of our High School life that may be forgotten, but we will always look back with a most sincere devotion, and with the highest respect to Pocomoke High School. With regret we bid adieu to our Alma Mater. May we ever prove worthy to her.

We sincerely hope that during the coming years we shall hear of a number of this class winning distinction in their chosen field. Hence, health, happiness, prosperity, and long life to the Class of '25. As Caesar said when crossing the Rubicon, "The die is cast," the fight is on—CARRY ON '25!

Class Limericks

By Janet Blades

Speaking of Dorothy, she's quiet indeed,
But in her class she takes the lead.
Earnest, sincere, gracious and true
Dot, we all love you, too.

We're proud of Old P. H. S.
We have tried to originate all of the time,
So we present our members in a rhyme.

Talk about Amy, she's classed with the dollies,
Someday we'll find her in Ziegfield's Follies.
She can dance and dance you know,
But, never-the-less she's always so-so.

Aimable, determined, capable and sweet,
Indeed "Kerny" is hard to beat,
Though many of us are frivolous and gay,
She always advances in her even way.

Then there's Stevenson—Whew!
A ragtimer fine, his equals are few.
He's a bear with the ladies at afternoon teas,
That makes you light in your head, and weak in your knees.

"Teke" doesn't care,
Lessons come, lessons go,
It's all the same to her now.
How she does it, and gets away with it,
We don't know.

Howard will be a farmer, one of those kind,
That's bashful and retiring and modest and shy,
But in spite of it all he's always in line.

Here's little "Prissie,"
The scallest of all,
Whose chief aim in life
Is to try to grow tall.

Now here's Bill Satchell,
A farmer by heck
Who soon will be dishing out oats by the peck.
He too, has become quite a bear with the ladies,
Ah! my brethren, this path leads to Ha—des.

"Dumpling," a specialist in seeds and weeds,
And things that help satisfy the farmers' needs,
Of course, in this line, he sees quite a few chickens,
And I am told that with them he raises the dickens.

In his Freshman year, we are glad to say,
One sport at least "Zeke" attempted to play,
But so hopeless was he with the bat and ball,
That the coach couldn't give him a show any time,
But now he's one of our grand Base Ball Nine.

"Hots," never on time,
She is always late,
But you never find her
Without her date.

He's a fine ball player, the team captain too;
There's nothing in this line that he can't do.
He's Russell Hopkins, in the bloom of life
He's as quick as lightning and as sharp as a knife.

We all know how he stands with the fair sex, true—
They all seem to like him, and he likes them too.
But Charlie is a good sport, you all must agree,
And some day a chemist he wants to be.

To write about Herbert is a difficult task,
And my dear folks, may we him this question ask:
"In the future will we see you—a hard working man—
Canning all sorts of matter that others can't can?"

Now Lucy, she is fat,
And a friend to all,
Her great desire,
Is to lose it all.—(The Fat).

Now Miss Bertie, How shall I greet you?
I remember the time when I first did meet you;
You stuck to our class thru thick and thin,
But what better class would you want to be in?

He's a stranger to the most of us and hardly ever seen,
But from what we can hear, he seems to be keen.
From some I have heard that he is modest and shy.
But Herman ought to get over that bye and bye.

We realize that "Sims" work takes time,
But the way he kills it is an awful crime.
In business he should make his mark,
But his life in school has been one quiet lark.

There is a Senior who's bound to win
Usually you'll find him with a grin,
Adams has blessed our class with gift of gab and go,
He's our class president, that's why we love him so.

As to Janet what can she say for herself?
You ask:
I admit dear readers, it's an awful task;
But I'll take advantage of this opportune time,
To ask that you pardon these attempts at rhyme.
No harm has been meant, so no harm has been done,
And what has been said has been said in fun.

CLASS WILL

By Fannie Miller

Know all men by these present, that we the Senior Class of Pocomoke High School, City of Pocomoke, State of Maryland, being of sound mind and memory do hereby make and publish this our last Will and Testament:

We give and bequeath unto our beloved faculty, our greatly appreciated attitude and class spirit which they have admired throughout the year.

Unto our faithful Juniors, we transmit the pleasure of carrying on the noble work of the Meteor which they are so capable of doing. Unto the Sophs, the burden of furthering the progress of our political fight for the George Washington Party, while to the Freshies we leave our greatest asset, dignity.

Unto the Agriculture Department, Granville Adams gives and devises "Phoebe," appoints Mr. Mizell to milk daily, leaves him his vocabulary and the pleasure of receiving the kicks. To the Domestic Science Department he leaves a better supply of milk.

Dorothy Bounds contrives unto Clara Jones her permanent wave to relieve her from the necessary labor of putting in an artificial one ,also her place to some Junior to win the Old Home Prize.

Unto Pratt Ingersoll, Herman Bailey intrusts his jumping ability as well as his height hoping that it will be of some benefit in aiding him to reach the higher ideals of life.

Janet Blades so nobly leaves behind all the confidence and beauty in the world to some worthy Junior, also her sweet smile.

Hopkins devises his athletic success and batting average to any ambitious student hoping that he will be able to keep the good work up.

Charlie Howard and Mervin Outten generously leave unto Biggy Mason and Cy Gladding their surplus avoirdupois, trusting that they will be able to put it to a better use.

Bill Satchell intrusts his Ace High knowledge of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to David Jones while Basil Payne leaves his prized ability to argue.

Howard Lankford contrives his power to plow potatoes to Bill Hancock.

Sim Ward gives his excellent scholarship to William Hayman as well as his habits of tardiness.

Riley Stevenson gives his art of bluffing and loafing to Ruth Sartorious and his baseball talent to Leon Bunce.

"Hot" Miller leaves the hottest of the red hot Mamas to Punk Slocumb.

Amy Schoolfield bequeaths her ambition, energy, and good nature to Louise Butler while Lucille Pilchard leaves her cute indigestion to the Domestic Science Department and her musical talent to Pearl Friedman.

Margaret Ellis bequeaths her interest in P. H. S. and her manner of annoying people to Virginia Reid.

Annie Henderson leaves all her important dates for Virginia Merrill to fulfill.

Herbert Bounds gives his art of accomplishing hand work to Clarence Mason.

Annie Kerns intrusts her athletic fame, and her wonderful personality to Elizabeth Scott.

Bertie Ford leaves her desire to study and her aimability to Carolyn Chesser.

Besides solemnity, ambition and studiousness the Class has no other worthy properties to offer.

In witness whereof, we hereunto set our hand and seal this first day of June in the year of one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five.

Signed by

The Senior Class of P.H.S.,'25

Class Flower . . . . . Daffodil

Class Colors . . . . . Green and Gold

Class Motto . . . . . Non quis sed quid

EDITORIAL

The old bell has tolled and its last low strains are caught up by the cool breezes of late spring and wafted through the leaves of a little bush at the bottom of a great hill.

Peculiar about that little bush, for as this gentle wind rustles through its foliage a leaf falls. Another and another and still another. Spring time and yet it sheds. Pretty, healthy, green leaves leave their places and drop slowly to the ground until the bush is bare.

Summer passes and with the coming of autumn another breeze stirs them and slowly one by one they are scattered to the four winds The bush stands stripped and barren still at the bottom of the hill. Will any of the twenty-one pieces of foliage find their way to the top of that great hill? Will any members of '25 make the grade and stand on the summit? Like the little bush they have just a footing at the **bottom** with only visions of the top.

Good-bye Pocomoke High School, good-bye. After eleven long years of happiness and sorrow the departure has come, just as it has come in the years that have gone. Nineteen twenty-five only marks another farewell and we are gone.

The leaves will never return to the bush neither will the graduates ever return to their class. The bush will bear no more and only live in a world of memory. Farewell not for a week or a month, but **forever.**

Ten bells, crash! and the liquor did spill
Oe'r the bow of the gallant bark,
And she set her sails as the "Daffodil"
'Till plank and nail do part.

Her skipper was picked and to work he went
With a crew that was hearty and bold,
And to her top was swiftly sent,
A flag of Green and Gold.

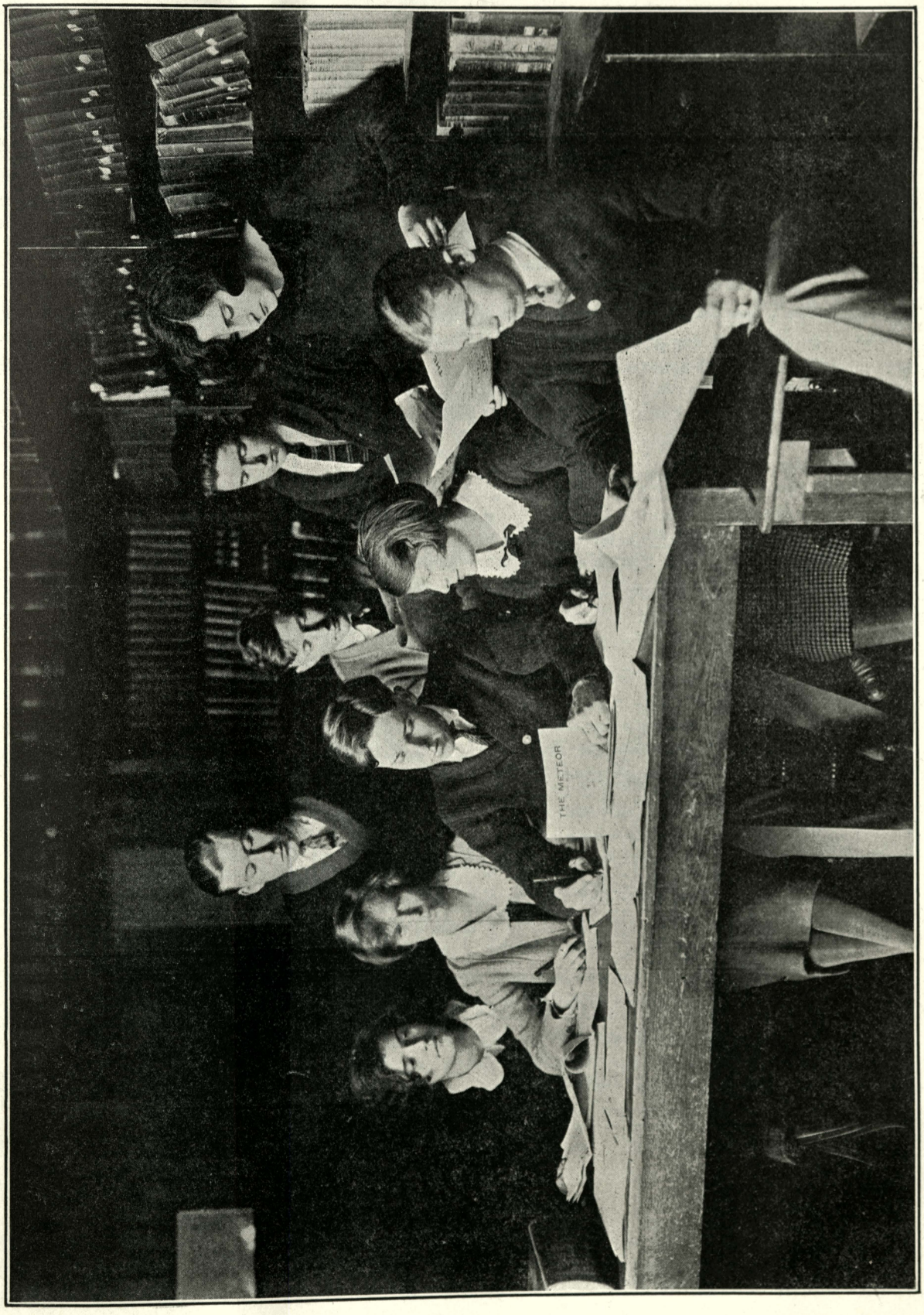
And as the bell tolled 'leven times more,
She was launched on the sea of life,
And filling her sails with a breeze from shore
Put out for the storms and strife.

Not long from harbor another ship,
The bold "Experience" by name!
Cut 'cross her like the lash of a whip,
Our ship sailed o njust the same .

And in the twenty-one minds at sea,
Were thoughts of A. V. M. ashore,
She thought where her '25s would be
When the bell tolls twelve times more.

But oe'r the sea of Memory,
The "Daffodil" will roll,
And there bound to her shattered mast,
Will be the Green and Gold!

G. Q. A., '25.



STAFF OF "THE METEOR"

CLASS PROPHECY 1925

By Dorothy Bounds

It was a dark, rainy night and not having anything in particular to do, lazily I drew my chair in front of the fire place. I tried to read but a book could not hold my interest so I threw it aside and sat gazing in the fire. My thoughts turned to the one subject that was nearest and dearest to me—the future of the Class of '25. What would it hold for them? Would the world deal kindly with them? Of one thing I was certain, that what ever they took up as their life's work, they would make a success of it and P. H. S. would always be proud to claim them as her children.

The flames leaped higher and they cast shadows over all the room. My eyes grew heavy and to my amazement out of the ashes and burning embers there appeared a huge building. A strange light appeared, it almost blinded me it was so vivid. I looked closer and I could see that the lights were taking a definite form. The haze cleared and the words, "The Palace" glared out at me. Under these smaller letters shone, "The Lady in Red." Things were beginning to grow clearer now, for I could see crowds of people moving back and forth, some stopping to glance at the bill boards and others were pushing their way in. I became tempted to take my place among the merry throng and drift aimlessly with them. All at once I resolved that I would, so crossed the street, hesitated and looked in at the posters. It seemed a well known playfi in fact the bill board stated it had already been running two months, the author being none other than J. L. Roberts. Faye Miles was being starred.

So I stepped in line and waited my turn to reach the ticket booth. It being secured I made my way into the rose colored interior and seated myself among the impatient crowd. The orchestra struck up a lively tune which quieted them for a space but soon their impatience returned and they began to use their hands to express it. Then the thought came to me that all this apparent impatience might be only eagerness to see this favorite drama of the year or, their favorite star. I had only been inside a moment or two but I, too, was beginning to get into the spirit of my neighbors. I could hardly wait for the orchestra to hush and the curtains to part.

The lights flashed out and a hush fell over the audience. Then the heavy velvet curtains slowly parted giving a glimpse of the scene beyond. It was a dimly lighted living-room and the furnishings showed at once that this was the home of a millionaire. There was no one on the stage when the play opened, but a silvery voice could be heard off stage. Then the door opened and Faye Miles made her entrance. There are no words to describe my first and lasting impression of her. She was grace itself and her beauty all that had been written of it and more. She was dressed in a long clinging sea green gown with touches of silver. Although Miss Miles was beautiful in herself her gown added to her charm greatly. It was a work of art and I was sure it could not have been created by anyone except a Parisian artist, certainly not by any one on this side of the Atlantic.

Throughout the whole first act I was spell bound. The play had been created for the star or she for it. At the close of the act I sat quite still for I was still under the influence of the drama. Finally I was brought back to earth by the following conversation behind me.

"Faye Miles is at her best tonight."

"Tell me when she is not, she has no bad nights!"

"It is well, for Satchell, the well-known critic is over in that left hand box.'"

"Then tonight determines her success, whether she begins her road to fame or not."

"I have no doubt but that he will be favorably impressed with her, for who would not be?"

As my neighbor mentioned Satchell and pointed out his box, I looked also and saw a tall man standing talking with a companion. The figure struck me as a familiar one and as he turned I gave a start; it was none other than Bill Satchell, my old classmate. I turned and asked the about him. Then my neighbor laughed and asked where I had been all my life that I Ihad not heard of W. H .Satchell, the best critic of modern drama in the country. In order to conceal my ignorance I hushed. Then Bill's old familiar laugh caught my ear and I knew that he had not changed, tlthough he had become successful.

The curtain fell as the last act drew to a close and with a sigh of regret I turned to go. But the audience would have more of their favorite so cries of "Faye, Faye Miles" were sent up and she came out to greet the crowd. Still the crowd was unsatisfied and they began to call for "'author, author." There was silence then as the call broke out afresh, a tall well built man stepped across the stage with a familiar stride. The author and star joined hands and stood smiling at theaudience. A spot light was turned on the pair and I gasped for J. L. Roberts, the author of the "Lady in Red" was none other than Granville Adams, our old class president. The smiling pair stepped back and the curtains drew together.

I jumped to my feet and hurried out. I had to see Adams before he left the theatre. I entered the stage door and asked one of the stage hands to direct me to Mr. Adams, better known

as J. L. Roberts. At that moment I saw Adams and Bill Satchell coming down the passage together. They both stopped short when they saw me, then they grasped my hand and told how glad they were to see me. I tried to tell Adams how much I had enjoyed his play, but he changed the subject by asking me to join them in Faye Miles' dressing room. My heart leaped at the thought of meeting Faye Miles face to face. We knocked and were admitted. Miss Miles came up smiling and extended her hand. It seemed there was some joke for they all began to laugh. Then Satchell asked if I didn't know Faye and I had to admit that I did not. Then they told me it was our old time class mate Fannie Miller. But just as if this was not enough a dark haired girl that I knew at once was Janet Blades, another of the class of '25 entered the room and Fannie asked me to meet her costume designer. I was so astonished I could only ask that they tell me more about themselves, for I suddenly began to feel very insignificant beside all those prominent people. But, soon the feeling passed and we began to talk and carry on as we had always done back in the good old high school days. Satchell was well pleased with Fannie's acting and Adams' drama as I had known he would be. Then as the hour was growing late I had to break away, but they all extended me a cordial invitation to come and see them often. Fannie and Janet were going abroad soon, for the "Lady in Red" was to be presented in London.

I left the theatre and made my way slowly up the avenue. My thoughts were still with my class-mates that I had left behind. I reached a crossing and waited for the traffic to break. A woman stood on my right and as she turned around I started, for beside me stood Ann Henderson. She recognized me at once and grabbed me by the arm and fairly dragged me across the street. An ambulance passed going at top speed and Ann quickened her speed. A gust of wind relieved me of my hat but Ann didn't stop for that, for she had begun to run and I looked back at my new Easter bonnet being ground beneath the wheels of a trolley. Out of breath we finally arrived at our destination. It was a hospital. We entered the door and Ann asked if we might speak with Mervin Outten, the speed king, if possible as she was reporting for the New York World. The speed king had just been brought in and his condition would determine if he could receive visitors. Ann then told me the story how Mervin had won the National Grand Sweep Stakes Motor Race and at the close, just as he crossed the finish line the front wheel came off and his car smashed into the nearest fence. Ann had been at the race writing it up for the paper, for which she reported, and had hurried to the hospital as soon as the accident occurred, dragging me after her.

A nurse came to us and told us we might speak with Outten a few minutes. We entered the room just as the doctor was leaving, he spoke to Ann and she said, "Hello, Dr. Howard, How is your patient?" The doctor informed us he had just been jolted up a bit and if all went well he would be out in two or three days. Then Ann introduced me to the doctor and as I looked more closely I saw it was Charlie Howard, another member of the class of '25. Charles was a surgeon at the hospital and as he went down the hall he yelled back that we would meet another friend in the sick room. We found Mervin propped up in bed looking rather pale, but smiling because of his recent victory. At his side stood a nurse and when she heard Mervin greet us, turned and we recognized her as Bertie Ford. She had entered the hospital after graduating from high school and had worked her way up until she was now one of the head nurses. We were not allowed to stay long, but Ann managed to get a good write-up for her paper and after wishing Outten a speedy recovery we departed.

As we were passing out the main entrance some one called and we turned to see a tall slender figure coming after us. She took my hand and asked if I remembered her and I had to tell her I did not. Then Anne said, "It's Lucy," Sure enough it was Lucille Pilchard. I asked her what she was doing in the hospital and she told me she was a dietician there. I wanted to stay longer and talk with her, but Ann wouldn't hear to it. So I bade Lucy goodbye and we hailed a taxi for Ann' s office.

The taxi drew up in front of Times Square and we jumped out. Ann asked me to go in the Editor-in-Chief's office as she wanted me to meet her "boss." I noticed the name on the Editor-in-Chief's door and to my amazement, it was Herman Bailey. Then I understood why Ann had brought me there. We found Herman with a pencil cocked over one ear working on a proof sheet. He turned and did not even see me but wanted to know at once if Ann had managed to get an interview with the speed king. When she introduced me he was all apologies and welcomed me in his establishment. I could see that he was very busy so I left. While waiting for Ann to touch up her report I seated myself in the busy office and watched Bailey's employees work to get out the next edition. I walked down the rows of desks and my eyes caught a familiar figure. He was bending over a desk, with sleeves rolled up. Just about the time I reached him he looked up and saw me. It was Walter Ward. He was advertising manager on the "World." He got his start working on the P. H. S. Meteor and he told me he would not take any amount of money for his high school experience. I told him I was waiting for Ann Henderson and he offered to take me around while I waited. Sim took me over to a desk in a secluded

corner and looked about as if waiting for some one. I asked him who he was waiting for, and he said Howard Lankford. I was surprised and still more so when he informed me Lankford was their chief cartoonist. Howard came in and Walter called him over, we talked awhile and Ann joined us but as she was in her usual haste she hurried me on.

When Ann asked me to go out to Chicago with her to the Olympic Games I consented at once. I was looking forward, with no little interest to this trip for I realized how lucky I was to be able to go accompanied by the star reporter of the World. This would make it possible for me to meet the Athletes themselves, personally. Once in Chicago I found it hard to keep up with my friend, for there was little that missed her . We interviewed every winner.

We were watching the young women's two mile swim and the American girl was leading the rest of her opponents by fully ten yards. The French girl came up as the finish line was neared but the American girl was prepared for with one final effort she swam across the line with a three yard lead. Ann did not even wait for the girl to get dressed before she was at her side congratulating her. I saw the girls grasp hands as though they had been life time friends. Then as I came up for an introduction I was almost knocked down by a young woman rushing by me and grabbing the American star in her arms and twirling her about. Ann stepped back while the girls rejoiced over the victory. Then the young star called Ann and when we reached her side I almost fell with surprise for the winner of the two mile swim was Amy Schoolfield, Schofield as the class of '25 had called her. Then Amy asked us to meet her trainer by whose excellent training she appropriated her recent victory. Then Ann exclaimed: "It's Kerns, Anna Kerns Robertson." Anna Kerns, upon graduating from high school had entered Sargent and graduated there. Kerns and Amy had always shone on our H. S. teams and now they had come into national prominence. Then Ann remembered her duty, as usual and the four of us went to view some of the other contests.

We went to see the All-American Baseball Team play against the English Team. The seats we secured were good ones and the game was very exciting for the score was close. Amy and Kerns asked us if we remembered having seen the third baseman on the American Team play before. We had to give it up until Ann looked at her notes and found opposite third base the name Hopkins. Amy and Kerns enjoyed laughing at our surprise. The only reason we could find for not knowing Hopkins, after we had seen him play on the "hot corner" so many times in high school, was that he had improved his skill so much during the intervening years.

After the game had closed we, the four of us, rushed around to the club we met a man with a cigar stuck in his mouth and a Stetson hat cocked on the back part his head, walking along with an all important air. Kerns yelled "Zeke" and he wheeled about and faced us. Then asked, "How are you?" When asked what he was doing there, he replied, "I'm managing the Allmerican Team.' Would wonders cease to happen? Russell came up and it was suggested that all of us go around to the hotel and have dinner together, for old times sake.

After leaving Chicago I went to Washington. still accompanied by Ann. The object of our visit was to visit the Supreme Court. Ann had gotten orders from Bailey to go there at once and report on an important case that was coming up within the next week.

On arriving in Washington we went straight to the Supreme Court. The judges were just filing in when we arrived. As they took their bench the Chief Justice stared in our direction and I almost started out of my seat for it was Riley Stevenson. In high school Riley had always been interested in law but I had never dreamed he would climb so high. Then the clerk read the case out as Bounds vs. Morse. The prosecuting lawyer outlined his case and sited what he expected to prove by his witnesses and gave the facts of the case. He would prove that Dan Morse, the accused, had sold Herbert Bounds, the prosecutor $10,000 worth of worthless stock in a mine in the west. Then the lawyer for the defense stepped forward and told the court that she would prove that the defendant was innocent and if the shares were worthless the defendant had no knowledge of the fact. Ann asked me if I didn't think I had met the defendant's lawyer before, I thought she looked familiar, but she was wearing heavy dark rimmed glasses so it was impossible to see her face well. Then Ann exclaimed, "Lo and behold it's Dorothy Bounds, I hadn't the least idea she had taken up law." Later, as the plaintiff and defendant took the stand we realized that we were seeing two more members of our class. Dan Morse, the defendant, who had gone west and started speculating in Western Mines. Herbert had remained East and made a small fortune dabbling in stocks. Then Dan's assistant was called to the stand and here again Ann and myself had a happy surprise. For who should the witness be but Margaret Ellis. I had expected Margaret to make a success but I had never thought she would enter the business world.

At the last minute just before the court was about to render its decision, a Western Union boy rushed in with a telegram, which when read to the court stated that the shares had made a jump of $100 per share. Then the case was dismissed and we went up to greet our smiling friends and congratulate them on their turn of fortune.

All at once there was a loud crackling and I was startled out of my dreaming by a log falling on the hearth. Then realization returned and I had to grasp the fact that all these wonderful things I had been seeing and dreaming were only castles in the air and come down to earth and face the fact that it was my Commencement night. Then I jumped up for it was near the hour for me to go to my fellow class mates—to meet them all together for the last time. This was a farewell—farewell to the dearest and truest friends I have on earth and my heart saddened with the thought. Farewell, Oh, Class of '25, farewell.

ROTARY HIGH SCHOOL CODE OF ETHICS

1. To develop a school spirit which will be recognized by every one with whom I come into contact.

2. To improve myself, increase my efficiency, and enlarge my service to mankind; and by so doing attest my faith in the fundamental principles of Good Citizenship.

"Service Above Self"

3. To be known as a boy whose honor is to be trusted and who is capable of accepting responsibility.

4. To participate in school affairs; giving freely of my physical mental and moral activities.

5. To be a true sportsman; to be able to lose the game but never my smile nor my courage and not to blame others for my own shortcomings.

6. To use my opportunity to get an education—to the best of my ability—so that I may be better fitted to serve Society.

7. To be able to scorn personal success which I might achieve by taking unfair advantage of my schoolmates.

8. To make my aim and goal —"above the average"—realizing that the "average" man seldom attains real success.

9. To be willing and ready to give my time and service to any worthy person who asks of me; or to any worthy cause which will promote the welfare of the school, community, or state. Remembering, "He profits most who serves best."

10. To believe in the words and worth of the Golden Rule— "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

11. Finally, I will strive to achieve these high purposes realizing the fulfillment of them will make a Perfect High School Boy.

FINAL DOINGS OF SENIORS

Wednesday P. M.—Hot Dog Roast.

Thursday—Oyster Roast to Faculty.

Friday—Class Night Play "Stop Thief."

Saturday—Farewell Dinner

Sunday—Sermon to Graduates.

Monday — Commencement Exercises.

Tuesday—Good-bye, One and All!

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